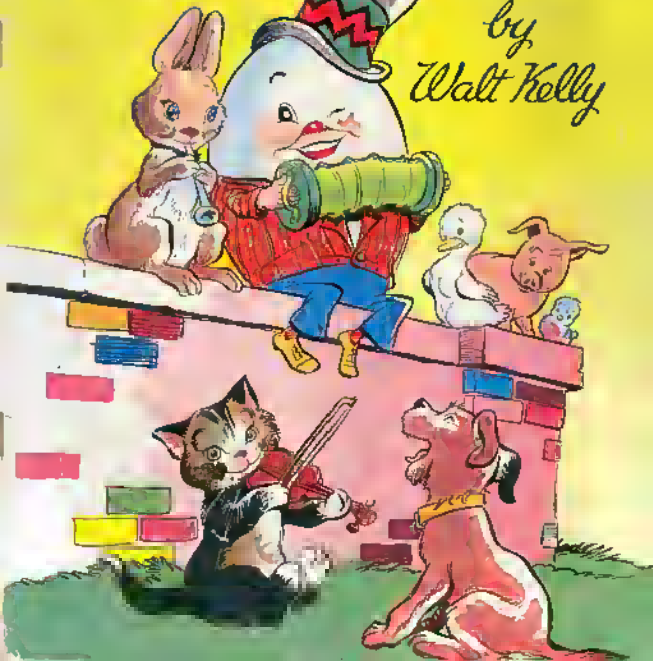


EASTER

with

Mother Goose

by
Walt Kelly





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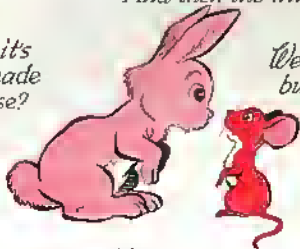
The Moon



*High, high
In the blue night sky,
The white moon rides.*

*Black silver clouds
Drift slowly by,
And then the white moon hides.*

*You say it's
really made
of cheese?*



*Well, maybe so—
but, if you please,*

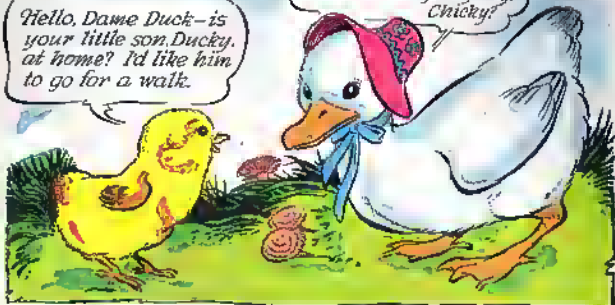
*It looks more like
an egg to me—
A silver egg in a
deep blue sea.*



The Lost Chick

Hello, Dame Duck—is your little son, Ducky, at home? I'd like him to go for a walk.

Where are you going, Chicky?



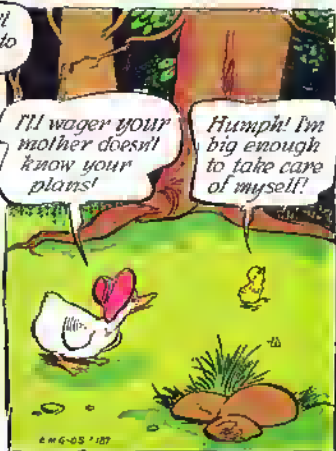
Into the woods to look for the Easter Bunny.

Oh, my! I wouldn't let Ducky go into the woods...



I'll wager your mother doesn't know your plans!

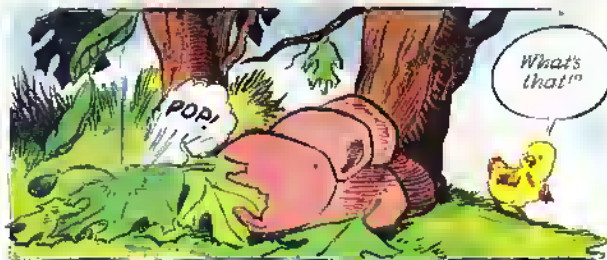
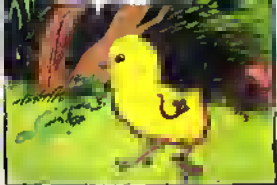
Humph! I'm big enough to take care of myself!



My goodness! I'm
nearly a week
old—can't be tied
to home forever.

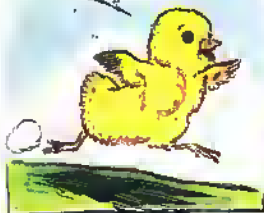


Of course—it is
rather scary
here in the
deep woods.



What's
that?"

Bandits—pirates!
Goblins! Ogres!



Ooh-uh-
hello

Hello, Chicky
Where are
you going
so fast?



Things are after
me—goblins—
monsters—
ogres—

That's funny,
I haven't
seen any.



Of course—who-
ever heard of
anything chasing
a grasshopper?

I have.



But if you think a
grasshopper's so much
saler than a chick,
why don't you try
being a grasshopper?



But
how?

Just crouch
down and jump
around.



Like
this?

Right!
Now jump.



Whee!
Like this?

Whee! Yes,
now land!

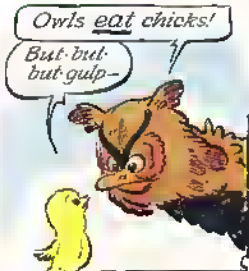
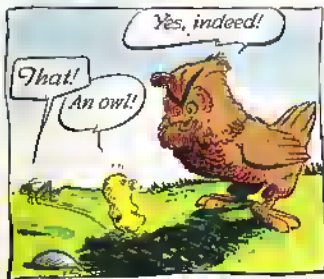


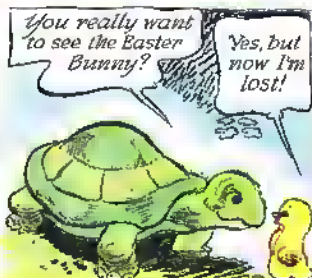
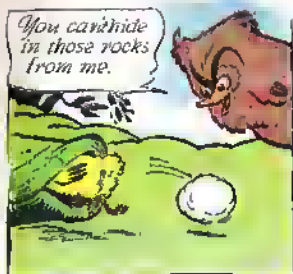
Oof!
Like this?

Well, not quite...

You're supposed to land lightly on your-oop! Look out!

For what?





Just climb up on my back, Chickie. I'll take you to the Easter Bunny.

Oh, thank you, Mere Turtle!



My, you're brave, living in the deep woods all alone.



I don't mean to find fault, Mere Turtle, but this looks like the way home—we won't find the Easter Bunny here.



Look over in your own back yard.

The Easter Bunny!

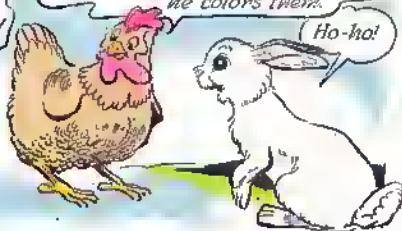


I got lost looking for you and all the time you were visiting my very own mother!

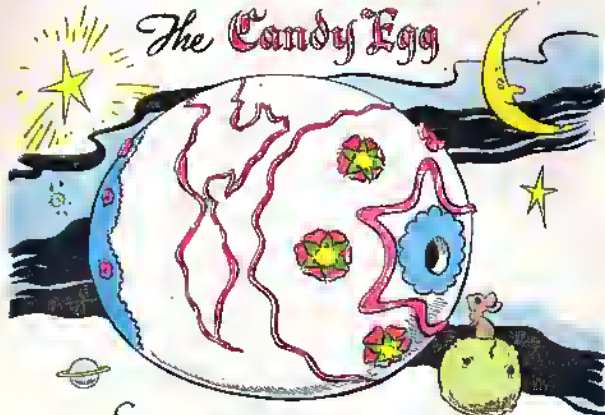


Of course, silly! The Bunny must get his eggs from us before he colors them.

Ho-ho!



The Candy Egg

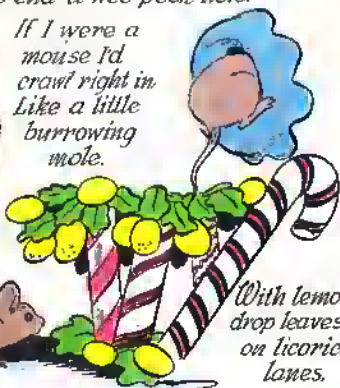


*Suppose the world were a candy egg
With at one end a wee peek hole.*



*If I were a
mouse I'd
crawl right in
Like a little
burrowing
mole.*

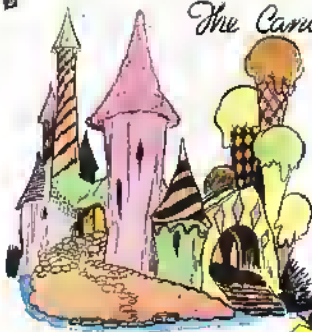
*Inside ther'd be
forests of
candy canes*



*With lemon
drop leaves
on licorice
lanes.*



The Candy Egg



And sugar castles with
sugarplum blooms
With hundreds of thousands
of ice cream rooms.



And while I was eating,
maybe I'd meet
A lollipop man with
gumdrop feet.



Or a gingerbread
lady with
marshmallow hair,

Or a peppermint
pieman on the
way to the
fair.



The Candy Egg

*And maybe I would take a ride
In a piecrust boat on
a soda lake,*



*And land near a peanut
brittle tree
At a dock made all of
chocolate cake.*

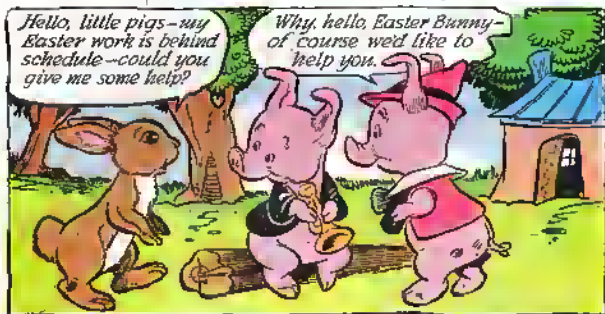


*But suppose I ate
too much
Of popcorn snow and
nuts and such.*



*On going home I'd curse my luck.
With a tummy full - I'd sure
be stuck!*

The Three Pigs help the Bunny



That's fine! The Red Hen has a basketful of eggs for me. Will you get them?

Sure!



Bring them to your brother's house—he's going to hard-boil them for me... Don't drop them—they're the last I can get.

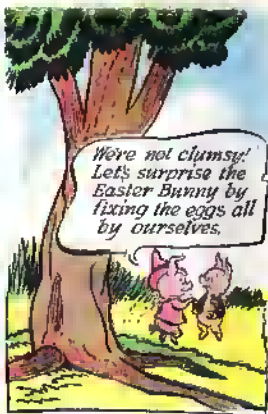


As 'if we would fall down
and break the eggs or
something.' Why, we could
hard-boil them and
everything!

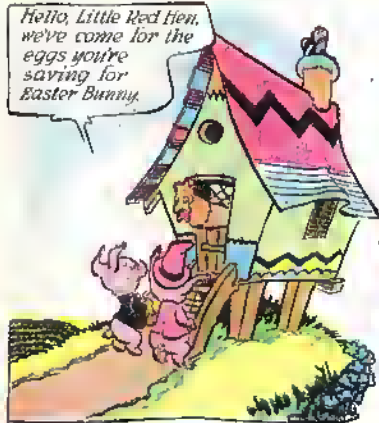
Of course!



We're not clumsy!
Let's surprise the
Easter Bunny by
fixing the eggs all
by ourselves.

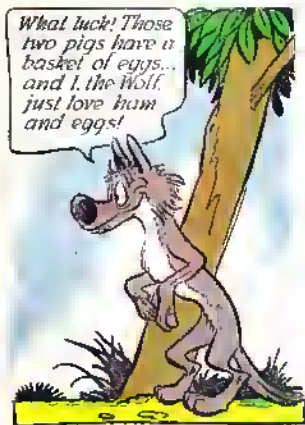



Hello, Little Red Hen,
we've come for the
eggs you're
saving for
Easter Bunny.



Here they are, Little
Pigs, but be careful
of them—take them
right to your
brother's house.





A cartoon illustration of two rabbits. One rabbit, wearing a black dress, is pouring water from a yellow bucket into a large, ornate purple pot. The other rabbit, wearing a pink dress and a pink bow, stands next to it. They are outdoors on a green lawn.

*I'll put
the water
on to boil.*

*Mm - it sounds
like someone is
coming up
the walk.*

A cartoon illustration of a rabbit in a pink dress standing on a yellow box in front of a house. A large grey wolf is standing on its hind legs, facing the rabbit. The wolf has its mouth open as if barking or growling.


It's the Wolf!

Rowrf!

A cartoon illustration of a grey wolf standing on its hind legs, pushing against a wooden door. The door is heavily bolted with three large yellow bolts. The wolf is looking frustrated. There are red starburst marks around the door handle.

*We'll bar
the door.*

SLAM!

A cartoon illustration of a grey wolf standing on its hind legs, looking through a window. The window has a red 'X' pattern over it. The wolf is looking angry.

*Open the door
and let me in!*

*Not by
the beard
of your
chinny
chin'
chin'!*

Then I'll huff
and I'll puff
and I'll blow
your house in!



It will do no good to
pile on more—
He can blow down our
wooden door.



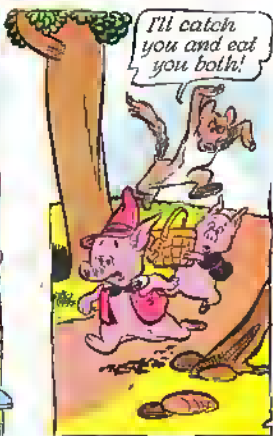
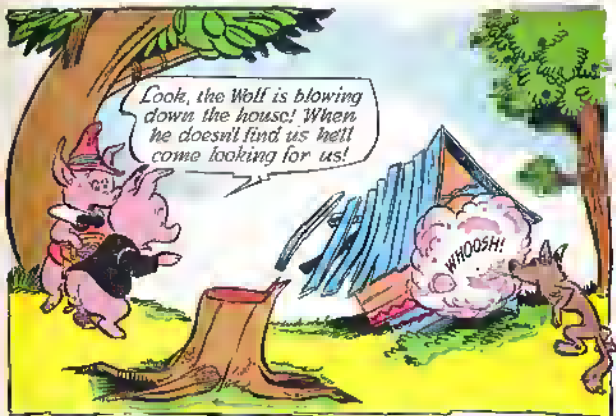
We'll outwit the Wolf
quick as pie
Out the window and
say good-bye!

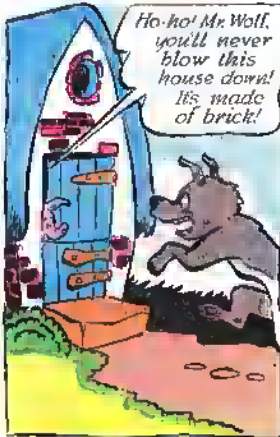
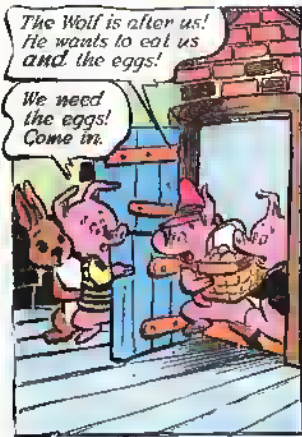
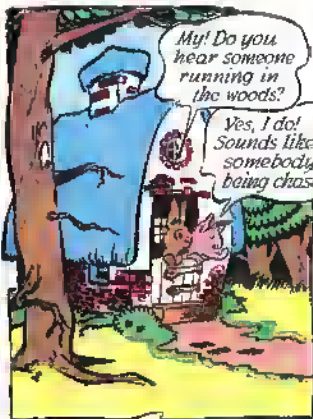
Don't forget the
Easter eggs
Before you run
off on your
legs.



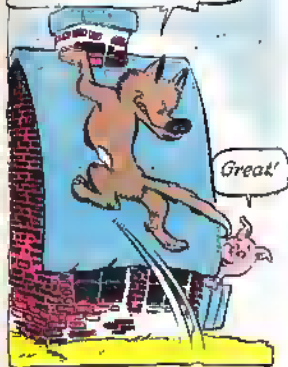
Yes, if we left those eggs
behind
Easter Bunny'd lose his
mind.







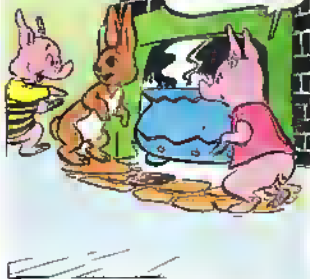
I'll just fool you, Pig! I'm going down the chimney!



Great!

Stand back from the pot. The old wolf is coming down the chimney!

It's lucky we didn't put the eggs in yet.



SPLASH!

Yeowp!



Ow!
Ow!
Ow!

Good-bye, Wolf!
Come again!

Now we can fix the Easter eggs.

We'd better boil more water.



Little Miss Muffet

On Easter Day

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet
On a bright, bright
Easter Day.
Along came a bunny
Who looked quite funny
In a yellow and
pink beret.



The Baby Chick

There is a little baby chicken
Who gobbles corn up
very quicken.

He eats as much
as any piggie,
Although he isn't
very biggie.



And this would make
a bulldog sicken.



I had a little Nut Tree



*I had a little
nut tree*



*But nothing would
it bear*



*But a fancy Easter egg
and a purple pear*



*The Easter egg was filled
with spice*



*And sugar and sausage
and everything nice,*



*But somebody stole it,
probably mice;*

I was more than I could bear!

Into the EGG

with the Pied Piper



*With many a toot and many a trill,
The happy Pied Piper came over the hill.*



*"Ho, shepherd boy, what is you town
On which this flowered hill looks down?"*



*"Why, that, sir, is old Hamlin, of
unhappy renown,
Upon which this high flowered hill
looks smilingly down."*



*"Unhappy? How so? and why
look you so sad?"*

*"Sit down and I will
tell you," said the
shepherd lad.*



*"Probably the trouble is we
have not enough cats.
For the houses, streets, and
trees are overrun
with rats."*



*"Rats?" said the Piper,
looking rather wise—
"Rats," said the shepherd,
and then popped his eyes.*



*For there in his very
luncheon sack
A bright eye peered through
a little crack.*



*"Behold!" exclaimed the
shepherd lad,
"Another rat! This
makes me mad!"*



*"They eat our food, they
foul each home,
They steal each thimble,
knife or comb—*



*The mayor has offered a
thousand pounds
To him who runs them
out of bounds."*



*"A thousand pounds
sounds good to me.
Just tell me who is
the man to see!"*

*"He's at the borough hall
in town;
I'll be proud to take
you down."*



*The Piper followed through
Flamlin's gate.
The shepherd led at a
rapid rate.*



*The Mayor said, "Aye, yours
is the entire purse
If you rid fair Flamlin of
this evil curse."*



*"I'll do it sure!" was the
Piper's cry,
"And quickly too, or I'll know why!"*



*The Mayor cried, 'Tis too
much to ask
That you may succeed
on this task."*



*The Piper stepped into
the street
And blew a note most
wondrous sweet*



*It curled and trickled like
maiden's tears,
The rats stopped eating—
pricked their ears*



*And then from every
home and shop
The rats streamed out—
they did not stop.*



*Till they gathered round
the Piper's feet—
The old, the young, the
slow, the fleet.*



*A rippling tune he
played them then
And off they danced
like tiny men.*



*Through Hamelin's gate he
led the stream,
The rats entranced, their
eyes ogleum.*



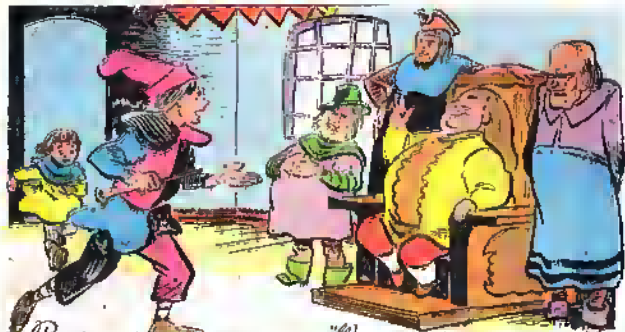
*Then across fields to the
river bank.
The Piper led them rank-
on rank.*

*His pipe wailed out in
fiendish scream;
The rats plunged into the
rippling stream.*



*The last one soon had
disappeared
Gone was the plague the
town had feared.*

*"Three cheers!" exclaimed the
shepherd boy,
And the Piper danced a
jig of joy*

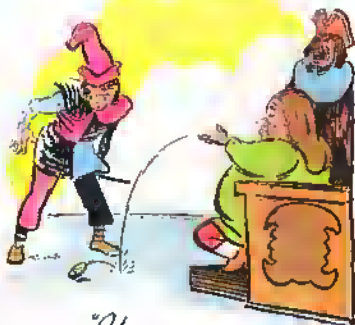


*Back to the Mayor went
the Piper bold,
And asked him for the
purse of gold.*

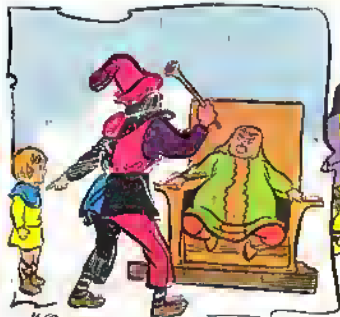
*"Well," said the Mayor, "Let's
not be hasty.
A leisurely cook makes
a pudding tasty."*



*"Of course," said the Piper, "But
let's not take all day—
Give me my money. I
want my pay—"*



*"Your money, of course," the
Mayor swung round
And before the Piper he
threw one golden pound.*



*"One pound!" the Piper cried,
"You gave your word!
A thousand pounds—the
boy here heard!"*



*"One pound!" the Mayor
roared, "You lout!
And now, begone! Begone!
Get out!"*



*The Piper heard the
townsfolk's jeers,
Men whod greeted him
with cheers.*



*With singing pipe he stepped
to the street.
From every home came
the tap of feet.*



*The rippling of each
soaring note
Was a fairy song from
an elfin throat.*

*The children of Hamlin danced
down the street;
The Piper led them on
twinkling feet.*



*Out through the gates of
Hamlin town.
The townsfolk cried "Stop
him—they'll drown!"*



*But no! On the brow of
old Mount Peg
There appeared like magic
a monstrous egg.*



*In one end hung a
fanciful door,
None had seen its
like before.*



*Into the gateway the
piper danced;
'The children followed with
faces entranced.*



*Into a land of sunshine and flowers,
Glistening with fountains and blossomy bowers,
Away from a town of money and greed
To a place where "Fair play" was ever the creed.*

The Little Bunny



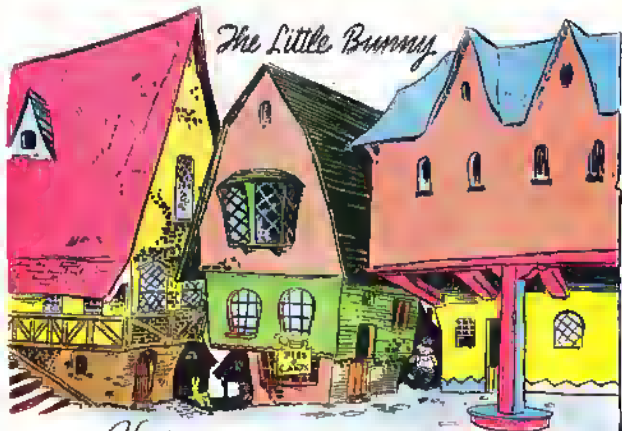
There was a little bunny, whose ears and nose were pink,



*And he could —
hop and hop and hop
As fast as you can wink.*

*Now who should spy the bunny
But Tom, the Piper's son,
And he chased him
And he raced him
As fast as he could run.*





The Little Bunny

*He chased him down old pudding lane,
Behind the piewman's shop.
Bunny jumped o'er the crooked stile
With a hippety-hippety hop.*

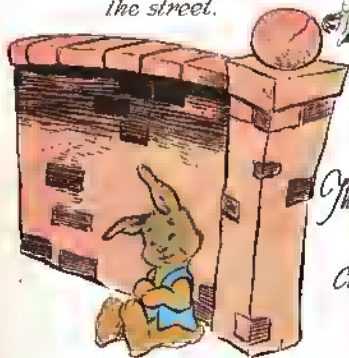


*But Tom upset the piewman
And, tripping over his legs,
He landed right atop his crown
In a basketful of eggs.*

The Little Bunny



*The pie-man shouted angrily,
"Those eggs were for a treat!"
So Tom received a spanking
And went roaring down
the street.*



*Then the tiny little bunny,
Whose ears and nose
were pink,
Chuckled and giggled away
to himself
As quiet as you can
wink.*

Two Jacks



*Jack will
whistle,
Jack will
beg,*



*Jack
jumps over
the Easter
egg.*

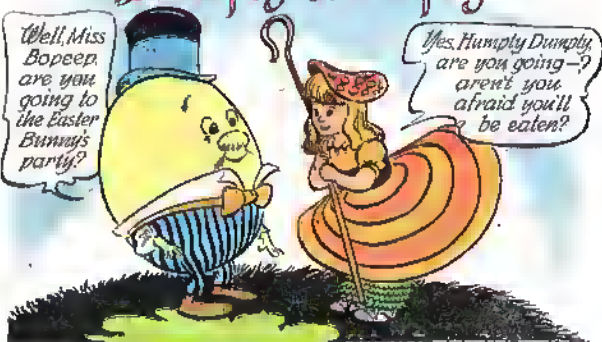


*Little Jack Horner kneels in the corner,
Watching the Easter bun.
He's hiding an egg 'neath the table leg,
And now he's off on the run.*

Humpty Dumpty

Well, Miss Bopeep, are you going to the Easter Bunny's party?

Yes, Humpty Dumpty, are you going—? aren't you afraid you'll be eaten?



Humph! Well, after that remark I don't think I will go!

Oh, my! I'm sorry if I offended you.

Ha! Don't apologize—I won't be considered an egg—I'm above that.

Of course.



And as for the Easter Bunny and his Easter eggs—that's all foolishness



Oh—sniff—sniff—now old Humpty Dumpty won't be at the party

He's too touchy. Bopeep.



But I'll hurry after him and see if I can't get him to come anyway.



Oh, come on to the party, Humpty.

Humph!



Why, you can be the king of the party!

I can?



Well, all right,—but I still don't think much of Easter egg parties.



I'll dash in and tell Bopeep that you'll be king of the party.



Humpty Dumpty has promised to be king of the party!



Naturally I'll expect a crown.



Why, I'll gladly cut one out of this gold paper.



And how about robes?



I'll bring out that red velvet curtain.



Now then, where's the throne?

Goodness, Humpty Dumpty, aren't you being a little big for your boots?

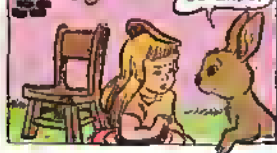


Humpty—if you won't give me a throne,
I'll sit on this wall
where I can look
down on all my
silly subjects.



My goodness, old
Humpty is so con-
ceited I'm sorry
we invited him.

Yes—
so am I.



And now look! He's
swelling up so much
with pride that he's
losing his balance!

There he
goes!

HALP!



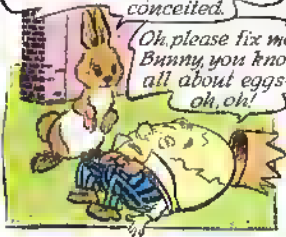
Now look at you—a broken
egg because you were so
conceited.

So you admit
you're an egg,
Mr. Dumpty.

Oh, yes—I'm
sorry I was
so foolish.

Oh, please fix me,
Bunny, you know
all about eggs—
oh, oh!

That's
better.



Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater



*Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had a wife and couldn't
keep her.*



*He put her in a pumpkin
shell
And thought he'd keep
her very well.*



*But one day, when going
up the hill,
With his friends, young
Jack and Jill,*



*Peter tripped and
when he fell,
He cracked the yellow
pumpkin shell.*

Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater



*Jill exclaimed, "Now
don't you stew—
For here's exactly
what to do—"*

*The Easter Bunny took
an egg—
And, standing on a
lancy keg,*

*In one end he chopped
a door
With little steps that
numbered four.*



*He painted windows on
the side,
And Peter gaily said
with pride,
"Here my wife can
live quite well;
It's better
than a
pumpkin
shell!"*



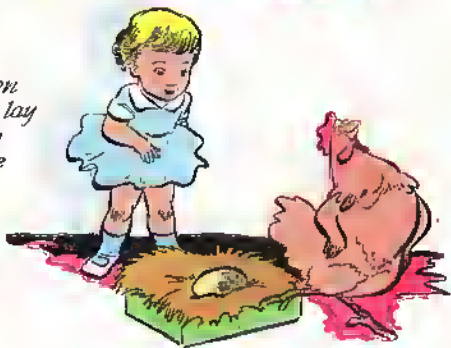
See a Hen

*See a hen
and pick it up*



And perhaps you will not sup.

*But see a hen
and leave it lay
And an egg
you'll have
that day.*



Wee Willie Winkie



*Wee Willie
Winkie runs
through the
town.*



Upstairs,



*downstairs,
in his nightgown.*



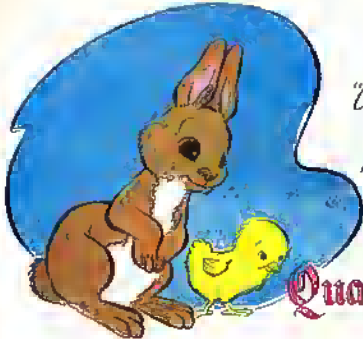
*Peering through the windows,
Peeking through the lock,*



Putting eggs in baskets



To hide behind the clock.



*"Here is something to
look at quick!"
Said the Easter Bunny
to the Easter Chick.*

The Quangle-Wangle's Hat

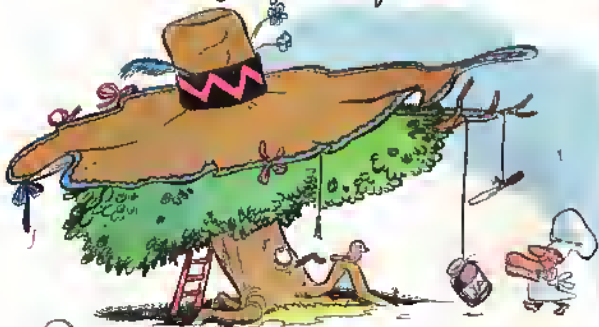
by Edward Lear

*On the top of the
crumpety tree
The Quangle-Wangle sat.
But his face you
could not see
On account of his
beaver hat.*



*For the hat was one
hundred and two feet wide
With ribbons and bibbons
on every side,
With bells and buttons
and loops and lace,
So that nobody ever
could see the face
Of the Quangle-Wangle
Queen!*

The Quangle-Wangle's Hat



The Quangle-Wangle said
To himself on the crumpety tree
"Jam and jelly and bread
Are the best of food for me!"

"But the longer I live
On this crumpety tree,
The plainer than ever
It seems to me

"That very few people
Come this way
And that life on the whole
Is far from gay."
Said the Quangle-Wangle Quee.



The Quangle-Wangle's Hat

But there came to the
crumpety tree,
Mr. and Mrs. Canary,
And they said, "Did you
ever see
Any spot so charmingly
airy?"



"May we build a nest
on your lovely hat?
Mr. Quangle-Wangle,
grant us that!
Oh, please let us come
and build a nest
Of whatever material
suits you best,
Mr. Quangle-Wangle Queen!"

And besides, to the crumpety tree



the duck and the owl.



Came the stork,



the snail and the bumblebee,



The frog and
the fimble fowl.



The Quangle-Wangle's Hat



The fimple fowl with the corkscrew leg
And all of them said, "We humbly beg
We may build our homes on your lovely hat,
Mr. Quangle-Wangle, grant us that!
Mr. Quangle-Wangle Quee!"



The golden
grouse
came there and the
pobble who
has no toes,



And the small
olympian bear



and the dong
with the luminous
nose.



The Quangle-Wangle's Hat



*The blue baboon
who played
the flute*



*And the
orient cat
from the
Land of Tute*



*And the
allery
squash.*

*and the
biskey
bat*



*All came and built on
the lovely hat
Of the Quangle-Wangle
Queen!*



The Quangle-Wangle's Hat



*And the Quangle-Wangle said
To himself on the crumpety tree,
"When all these creatures move about
What a wonderful noise therell be!"*

*And at night by the light of the mulberry moon
They danced to the tune of the blue baboon
On the broad green leaves of the crumpety tree,
And all were happy as happy could be
With the Quangle-Wangle Queen!*



Easter Outfit



*I'll have to wash
behind my ears
And shine my face
quite clean,*

*And brush
my hair.*



*And scrub
my knees,*



*And give my
shoes a
sheen.*



*For today's the day
that I wear*

*A brand new hat
and coat,*

*With new white socks
and a tiny chain,*

*With a locket at
my throat.*



Hiding Places



*If you were a rabbit
And were in the habit
Of hiding basketfuls of eggs,*



*Do you think that
you would hide
The eggs beneath
the divan wide,*



Or off behind the table legs?



*Just suppose you were
a bunny
With wiggly ears and
whiskers funny;
Wherever would you
tuck away
Those candy eggs
on Easter Day?*

